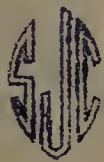


THE COLLEGIAN



St. Joseph's College

COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA



Welcome Alumni!

APRIL, 1930

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THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

Collegeville, Indiana.

Entered as Second Class Matter at Collegeville, Ind., October 20,
1927, under Act of March 3, 1897.

VOL. XVIII

April 12, 1930

NO. 7

THE SPRITE OF EVE

The sunset glow hangs o'er the silent dale,
The hills and trees are fading from my view,
A shadow hides each tiny floret frail
Whose lips are kist by Hesper's falling dew:
Anon the god of light, Apollo, seeks
The skies, and tints eve's veil with spectrum hue;
Throws back the folds that curtained lakes and creeks,
And shows the mead well clad in golden yew.

E'en so in shadow oft my soul is hid——
A veil upon my heart like mist is prest;
Hope fled; no dawning rays the darkness bid
Unfold the glowing light by love caressed
Which by its flame the misty veil shall burn,
Until of hope through God's great word, I learn.

Joseph F. Szaniszlo, '31

EDUCATION--- TODAY AND YESTERDAY

Down through the pages of history, across the annals of time, there is a word that has grown and matured until it is writ in gold in the very history of the world. This one word has spelt success and glory to men who have attained the goal which all men crave,—that goal which money and influence cannot buy. Surely there can be only one thing which this word of inestimable power and distinction can signify and that is education. Just as a small bulb grows into a beautiful lily, so education developed from an insignificant beginning, captivated all who scented its fragrance and has at present reached a period of full blossoming. True, this growth has been slow and difficult, but because it had to overcome obstacles it is all the more glorious. To acquaint the reader with a few major steps in this development, and to show that the present-day educational system is not NEW is the purpose set for these pages.

That comparisons are odious is a well established fact, and a comparison between the educational system of antiquity and that of our own modern world will prove no exception; there is, however, no other means of giving an insight into both modern and ancient educational systems than by drawing a comparison.

The first educational system of any real significance in history is that of ancient Egypt which had its beginning long before pyramid or sphinx were planned. The Egyptian, in acquiring an education,

was not only short-sighted but also selfish. His desire for training and information consisted mainly in acquiring knowledge that would aid him in the establishment of a profession. Arts and sciences foreign to his profession were of no use to him and were consequently unknown.

The idea of a liberal education never impressed itself upon the Egyptian. Such a notion as the search after truth for its own sake, without utilitarian motives, or the idea of educating for good citizenship or manhood still awaited a time when people allowed more freedom to individuality.

Unlike the Egyptian, the Roman was more liberal in his educational views, and because of this made greater strides in the field of learning than did his predecessor. His standard was higher and his ambitions loftier. The education of his son was the pride and chief interest of the Roman father. It must be considered that there was little to learn then as compared with today. The ordinary education of a youth was supposed to include music, gymnastics, and geometry. Under music was included Latin and Greek literature, and under geometry, what little was known of science. From these subjects, which involved the principles of the grammar school, sprang oratory and philosophy.

Quintillian, a Roman, one of the greatest educators the ancient world has produced, has much in common with the educators of today. It seems that he is even being followed at present very closely in one particular point—the gaining of culture. But to his fellowmen this meant nothing. The Roman looked not for harmony and proportion, but for stern reality; his education was accordingly practical, prosaic and utilitarian. “Culture for its own sake,” says

Professor Graves in his History of Education, "was an ideal quite foreign to the Roman."

A perusal of Quintillian's essay on "The Ideal Education" would prove a beneficial eye-opener to some supposedly educated people who hold that our present-day educational system is not only unique and different, but also entirely new. Insofar as fur coats, Chryslers, dances and teas, which are a seeming necessity in college life today, are concerned, our system of education is quite unique. True we have departed from the idea that an education should be entirely for utilitarian purposes, but as far as the stern realities of education are concerned, history is only repeating itself.

Greek and Latin were the foundation of learning in that ancient day. Are they not so at present? Grammar and music were so closely related that these subjects were studied together. Today we consider grammar essential, and music a valuable asset. A knowledge of the poets was thought incomplete without mythology just as a true concept of life was considered to be impossible without philosophy. If anybody were to enter an advanced institution of learning at the present time, he would find that all these subjects hold an important place in the school's curriculum. As it is today, so Quintillian believed that a youth of his time should receive an education that would produce in him a desire for the better things of life, and that education should not be merely a matter of enforced discipline and routine as was the case with the Egyptian whose maxim was, "A boy's ears are on his back; he learns when he is beaten."

When we speak of the educational system of today we speak of a refined system already hinted at by Quintillian whose mind was indeed far-sighted,

and whose intellect was a real tower of strength. True, we have arts and sciences which were unknown to the ancient Egyptian and even to the Roman, but the rudiments of learning employed today are essentially the same as those advanced by so old an educator as is Quintillian. It is a pity when we consider the advancement in knowledge that we cannot see a like advancement in thoroughness of study and of love respecting the classics, for in many advanced colleges and universities of today, education is largely a means to some very limited end, society and sports holding the topmost place.

In education, as in other worthwhile activities, we find the age-old maxim repeated, "There is nothing new under the sun." We find that studies of our forefathers are the studies of today only somewhat more perfected; the methods employed in ancient times stand up closely to the slightly more improved methods used in modern times. After all, our brains, in spite of reputed changes in methods; in spite of improved materials, work just as did the brains in the head of old Adam. But for all that, education has come to be of inestimable value; it has come to be an affair of imperishable worth for men in every walk of life, a matter that the old Roman, Quintillian, appears to have sensed and understood already in his days that are now so far removed from us.

As a concluding remark it may be most suitable to allow the stalwart father of ancient Roman education whose name has already been used in these pages to express his views on the acquirement of knowledge. He closes his essay on "The Ideal Education" in the following words: "Those, therefore, are by no means to be regarded who deride this science as trifling and

empty, for, unless it lays a sure foundation for the future, whatever superstructure you raise will fail; it is a science which is necessary to the young, pleasing to the old, and an agreeable companion in retirement, and which alone of all departments has in it more service than show."

John T. Spalding, '31

SPRING

The balmy air of early spring
New life to all the earth does bring,
 As dainty violets blooming shy,
 Reflect the azure of the sky,
In the spring.

Sweet strains of joy and gladness ring
In songs which herald robins sing,
 While flitting like soft summer breeze
 Amid the budding, verdant trees,
Of fair spring.

Then from all nature seems to ring
The praise of Him Who made fair spring;
 The birds and flowers in their glee,
 Announce in one grand symphony,
"It is spring!"

John W. Baechle, '30

It is indeed a remarkable effect that can be produced in the auditorium by silence that is steadily maintained during a musical rendition at a public performance.

THE SAME OLD WAY

"Well, well, hail to the conquering hero of Mundell," greeted the fellows in the locker room as a sorry looking specimen of track ability trudged into their midst.

"You guys don't have to get jealous do you?" came from the figure slouched down upon a bench, "just 'cause the coach sees I'm pretty good he's giving me special lessons."

"Why of course," chimed in Burton, captain of the track squad, "we are only teasing you, 'Gumshoe'; just you go ahead and practice and some day your name will be engraved on a stone tablet."

A loud guffaw shut off any further remarks, and this was interrupted by, "Yeah, a great big stone tablet, most likely one of this marble kind you see in graveyards."

None the worse for these scathing remarks, Ted 'Gumshoe' Werner dressed himself and let the rest of the gang enjoy their remarks. After a while Coach Bunson strolled through the locker room and confronted Burton. "Burton, you know if it wasn't for our quarter-mile we'd be sitting pretty? That Werner guy is really the only promising material on hand. Of course, he's green, but then most of the fellows were green once also."

"Coach, the trouble with that fellow is that he thinks he's a good track man."

"I know," the coach replied, "but after all he has a good stride and he's built with the runner's natural grace. What he needs is some toning down. I'll fix him a winner, or bust in the effort. Well, so long, Burton, see you at practice tomorrow."

"So long, coach," answered Burton as the coach left. On his way to the 'Frat' house, Burton noticed Ted all spiffed up like a magazine advertisement, and whistling "Sweet Sue" as he strolled down the street.

"Hey you, 'Gumshoe'," Burton called out, "where do you think you're bound for?"

"Why, hello Georgie," Ted replied gayly and with a gracious smile. "Can't you understand? I'm on my way to see 'My Sweeter Than Sweet'. Ooh, la, la!"

"Yes, you are not," came the ready rejoinder, "as a member of the track team you're coming back to the 'Frat' with me, and I'm going to see that you pound your ear at eight-thirty, and no later."

"Aw," protested Ted, "just this once, I got to go over, or some other simp will be parking in my place."

"Why, 'Gumshoe'," soothed Burton, "you, our best track man, and you can't hold your "femme" by your honors in the field? Shame on you!"

Taking it all in earnestness, Ted wheeled about and plodded along at the side of Burton back to the 'Frat'. Meanwhile Burton was made an object of Ted's confidence in the art of making acquaintances. Why, Ted knew ever so many skirt-fans, so in case Burton should require company for an evening, Ted would let him use his calling list. Oh, yeah! a track man is quite in demand by all the skirt-fans. The curfew found Ted oblivious of his date.

The earlier track meets brought no opposition of a serious nature, so all of them resulted in victories for Mundell. The team, as a whole, were the best in quite a few years. They promised to account for themselves very well in the important meets. 'Gumshoe' Werner was the only weak link in the powerful

chain. He had lost all but one quarter-mile event and that time his opponent tripped and fell, leaving the honors to him.

The week before the most important contest Burton approached the coach for instructions concerning the final practice. "You know," said Coach Bunson between puffs from his pipe, "we shall do the same as always, except that sap of a 'Gumshoe'—he's just what the name implies. If only that guy would uncork that last sprint sooner, he'd be a winner in every race."

"You are aiming to run him in the meet then?" queried Burton.

"I guess so. He's all I got, and trust to luck that guy from Falcon is no better," he answered.

The meet came and was added to the victory column of Mundell. 'Gumshoe' took what was left after Dirk of Falcon romped home a winner.

Sue Parkinson was somewhat disappointed in her athletic hero for in her estimation he had not as yet proved himself worthy of her honor. Nevertheless, he was always willing to confide his abilities of the track to her. The following is one example of conversations as carried on between the two.

"Teddy, why don't you wake up and win a race?" queries Sue.

"Aw, babe, I don't want to show those bums up too bad," he answers. "Anyway, those races don't mean 'nuthin'—wait till we get some important ones. You'll see who's who on the track then."

"But," she pouts, "I-I always want to see you win some of those other races too,—don't be a chump all your life."

Meet followed meet and the track season would soon be over. Mundell had stayed on top, through no

effort, however, of their quarter-miler. There were but two meets left. One with the State that would settle the title, and then another with a small college from out of the state. The State meet would surely tell the tale. Mundell's track team was equal to the State in all regards except in the quarter-mile event. Oh! for a decent fellow to take Werner's place on the squad, or at least for a miracle to help win. Evidently there would be no solution for the case except 'Gumshoe' Werner in person.

The days passed, and the day of the event arrived. Sue had not seen Ted all day, for the Coach had the team under personal supervision until it was time. The air was crisp, and a spring sun heated the stadium mildly. The crowds came early.

On the field some track men were strutting around with huge blankets. Others were limbering up by slow, easy pacing; others were rubbing legs and arms, but none of this was for our hero. His only necessity was to see Sue. He stood gaping for fully ten minutes, oblivious of all, eagerly waiting for that encouraging face to appear 'mid that shouting swaying, milling crowd. Ah! he was rewarded; and how! He jumped as though he had been doused with cold water.

There came Sue on the arm of some blonde 'hippo'; of all things! So that was the way she treated him, eh? Well, he'd run his race without her wishes for luck. She'd promised to see him just before this event, but she could keep her promises. She was his friend, but when he was busy, she came to the stadium on the arm of a guy he'd never seen. He might have known that she was merely stringing him along. Well, no matter—she'd be sorry, just wait and see if she wouldn't.

The judges' stand signaled the start of the events, and soon youthful bodies were straining every nerve and sinew for "dear old Alma Mater".

Races followed closely, and 'Gumshoe's' event was soon heralded as next. He'd show these guys if he was 'Gumshoe' or not—he'd also show that dame if he was a track winner or not. He was so mad that he felt like a knight of yore whose honor was in question. The State had one participant and Mundell also for the quarter-mile. Dale crouched, Ted crouched likewise. Bang! Fiercely Ted drove his spikes into the ground, and was off like a flash into the lead. The stands groaned. There he was burning up the track in a quarter-mile run right at the start. What a fool!

This pace soon exacted its toll as Ted slowed down with Dale slightly behind. Half way around the track Dale started to forge ahead slowly. Slowly he gained. He was even with Ted. Ted was tired now, but doggedly he stuck. Dale pushed into the lead, but a three yard gain was all he could hold. Time for the last spurt! Dale gained a yard; Ted couldn't sprint. He closed his eyes. Into his mind rushed the features of a blonde handsome young man. "I'll get you," Ted muttered, and like a streak he sped on past Dale to the tape, a winner!

That evening at the Junior Prom, Ted was hailed as the season's hero. He enjoyed his ovation heartily for he was built for such things. His one disappointment was, however, the loss of Sue. Oh! why did she forsake him? Now he couldn't be like the real hero he'd read about. Of course, he'd won the most important event of the schedule and had saved the honor of his dear Alma Mater. But his old friend

had given him up! There she was now, dancing with that blonde 'hippo' again.

"Oh, well, what's the use," he muttered as he strolled out on the veranda. Vaguely muted trombone notes, and the wailing of a sax came to him. His reveries were suddenly interrupted by a girlish laugh.

"Oh, Teddy dear, meet my brother, Len!"

"Say, ain't you mad at me, huh? Didn't you throw me over? Your brother?" ejaculated Ted. "Holy cow, babe, and you're still mine?"

"Umm" was her answer, and then, "you thought that you caught me, well now catch me again,—for life."

Another victory, another hero, another romance, and all in the same old way.

Chester B. Kruczek, '31

A MODEST PROPOSAL

Honestly, the U. S. Federal Government has put an end to the ugly use of alcoholic drinks, and now Congress is seriously planning to do the same thing to the much endeared learning process by establishing a federal bureau of education. Lest quick-minded people, who represent the majority of this country's population, seeing the gross deficiency of the plans that are proposed, should speedily swerve to some opposite extreme and seek to nullify everything—a matter that would be worse than is the pending evil—I have resolved to propose a middle path which shall end for time and eternity the problem of education if not the problem of alcohol.

Very recently a writer broadcast his ideas over

the pages of the much esteemed English Journal on a subject entitled "Novelty College". This article set my ideas on foot. Plainly, in a school like Novelty College, which is a purely modern product, a great deal is being done for the professor, but mighty little for the usually very sadly neglected student. Now I want it understood that it is the pupil who counts when there is a question about schools, and it is on this assumption that I shall frame my plans for a new and thoroughly regenerated process of education. I do not mean to say that my ideas have never made their way into the heads of others, for hidden away in some dungeon of Novelty College there may be and no doubt are, research men who have never seen the campus for fully five years, whose one problem undoubtedly is to develop and perfect a system similar to the one that I have just now excogitated. My ideas, however, have not come into being in a dungeon suggestive of sweat and toil, and not in the hot summer sun either which is better adapted to evaporate the stagnant water of swamps and other pestilent places than to induce mental activity, but they have come to me in the clear daylight of reasoning and that, too, with so much force that I cannot doubt their correctness.

As I have said, great minds may have thought of my system, but they have failed to develop it and establish it on a firm basis. It is known, for instance that Jean Jacques Rousseau thought of it, for was he not doing a wonderful thing when he sent little Emile down the street to buy bananas and doughnuts? By doing so he taught the lad the meaning of distance, speed, and money. Again he would send him after a bale of hay in order to impress upon his mind the idea of weight and bulk. But old Jean

made a serious mistake in spite of trying to be practical. The boy never did learn how to do anything on his own initiative; he always had to be told what to do. Old Jean's system lacked the principle of "turn-over"—it was not self-sustaining. But in the system that I shall propose all the disjointed ideas of supposedly great educators have been brought into proper coordination so that there remain but three distinct departments in the unusually complex educative process, and all three interlock and work harmoniously just like the parts of a giant steam roller.

The first of the three educative departments that shall be considered is the one which provides a cure for optimism and slovenliness. There are people in goodly number who are prone to believe that pessimists are only too numerous in this world. Unfortunately this is not true, and it seriously belongs to the province of the school to strike a balance between the lucky-go-happies and the sloppy-weathers in young society. According to my system this result is to be accomplished by disturbing the sleep of pupils early in the morning. Now here is where automatic education, the only kind that is to be tolerated, takes its start. Its prime objective is the establishing of pessimism. To awaken all pupils at an unwelcomed hour in the morning, and to do this by a simple process of nature, poles that are to serve as bird roosts must be subtended from each of the dormitory windows. Everybody knows that as soon as the clock strikes four, the hour of gray dawn, birds, if they find a convenient perch will be ready to do their best. Happy indeed is the mortal who can sleep through the noise and racket they make, for he may be sure that he is not suffering from insomnia. But insomnia or not, given a chance, the

birds will have their way and will pull everybody away from the last best forty winks of sleep. It will be found upon well-carried out experiment that nothing else in all this world will be more conducive to make any pupil face the day in a pessimistic state of mind,—just the kind of education that my system calls for—than will be this extraordinary item in the curriculum.

Furthermore, the method described will make the pupil prompt, and the best of it is, this promptness will be self-acquired. At the first “chirp, tweet, tweet” of the robin on the window pole, the young scholar will wearily open his eyes only to realize that another night of sweet repose has passed away. Lest he roll over and doze off, on comes the lusty turtle-dove with her “coo-uu-oo”; the sparrow joins with his “chtwirt”, and the blackbird tunes in with his terrible “scksquart”, and thus in four-voiced staccato they raise a pother that turns into an outright abomination at the early hour of four in the morning. I have seen one or the other pupil make desperate attempts to resist this hubbub by nestling more and more cozily into the arms of Morpheus, but all to no avail. Before many minutes had passed he would rise and show himself anxious to begin his day’s work. In institutions where this plan has been adopted, no pupil has ever succeeded in sleeping until seven o’clock in the morning. There may be a difficulty to take into account in relation to this plan when instinct urges the birds to migrate, but this difficulty could very likely be overcome effectually by engaging a convincing speaker like Senator Borah to talk the migratory habit out of birds. Surely a man who undertakes to talk the habit of drinking

out of people, ought to be able to talk any habit out of such small fry as mere birds.

A second and far more important educative factor in the system that I am advocating refers to mental training. Since, however, mental activity is always to be supplemented by physical training, this kind of training must be taken into the bargain. In fact it should precede mental training. To combine the two in the plan under consideration will be an easy matter. In the foregoing paragraphs it was shown how the good habit of early rising could be forced into pupils automatically. But every human being is inclined to resist self-improvement of whatever sort it may be. In consequence pupils will try to get rid of the annoyance caused by the early birds, though it is all for their benefit. Since it will be strictly forbidden to carry firearms, pupils will be compelled to resort to the primitive method of hurling stones at the cause of their annoyance. Hurling exercise has always been considered as belonging to the best in the matter of physical training, and the countless number of birds will offer endless opportunity for this most desirable variety of bodily discipline.

Of course the number of stones thrown by each pupil must be accurately counted as well as the number of birds killed. Here is where mental discipline comes in for its share of attention. Pupils will very quickly learn how to count in terms of millions, besides becoming acquainted with every kind of arc, curve, straight and cycloid line. Thus the rough road to mathematical knowledge will be traveled with ease and even with great pleasure. With this process the learning of language will go hand in hand. Everybody feels it to be a fact, though he may not

choose to admit it, that vexation is the most fruitful source of inspiration when there is question of adroit and forceful expression. Not only spoken, but also written language will be in demand, for the pupils of the different institutions in which my plan obtains will of their own accord begin corresponding in order to cooperate most effectively in the extermination of pestiferous birds. History will come in for its share of study, as the "whence and how" of birds will present a very fascinating subject for investigation. Quite on their own initiative pupils will delve into the study of Ornithology from the ancient times of the vampire and the dodo down to the canary and the mockingbird of the present. There will be no sluggards or idlers in schools where my plan is put into effect.

It may be objected that simple primary studies do not meet the requirements for a thorough schooling, but this objection is easily foiled by calling attention to the natural process of "turn-over" spoken about by educators quite generally, and for which my system makes ample room. Nobody will deny that powerful language will readily turn into literature; that history very naturally turns into the study of archeology, and that exercise in hurling when accompanied by mathematics will smoothen the road to an understanding of the most difficult problems in the science of ballistics. Of course there are still subjects that have not been accounted for, such as Latin, Greek, Chemistry, and Law. But who will fail to see that Chemistry will soon be in demand as poisons for birds will be wanted as surely as stones? As to the other subjects named, well, they will just have to wait a little while until my system grows to more perfection, and then a "turn-over" will be pro-

vided for them that will work as naturally, smoothly, and as easily as does the best kind of ball-bearing.

What has already been said in reference to mental and physical training goes to show in what a practical and normal manner the usual drudgery and work attached to these matters can be turned into mere delightful play and amusement. But in spite of the fact that in my system the curriculum makes room but for one subject, namely, "Fun", from start to finish, yet I would have a third distinct educative department added which shall take care of the demands of organized athletics. Since athletics in schools have always met with much disapproval on the part of book-worms, rheumatic people, and crusty dancing masters, I shall heed their objections and shall devise altogether something new that will certainly be more to their liking. It is a well-known fact that in many instances athletic directors find it hard to secure obedience to their rules; hence the one thing to do is to dispense with this director completely and in his place put the "stomach" with its peremptory demands to which all pupils will naturally yield unqualified obedience.

In order to give the command of the "stomach" the widest usefulness possible, it will be definitely required that at or near meal times no pupil be within less than a quarter of a mile from the mess-hall under penalty of missing his meal. The same penalty will require that this distance be covered within one minute after a signal has been given by a trained parrot. All must gather before the door, and here it will be left to the pupils to enforce the important rule that "No one may enter the mess-hall before they all have entered". It may not be easy to under-

stand this rule, but practice and the missing of meals will automatically bring about its enforcement. The running and jostling attendant upon taking food under these circumstances will supply all that is beneficial in the three best games known to athletic fans.

In conclusion, I shall issue a petition to all the most advanced educators of the land to give my system careful and most serious consideration with the view to see if they will not find it the most instructive, the most practical, the most automatic, and the most functional of all systems that have ever come to their notice. Many, of course, will not like it, but that says much in its favor, for any system that is generally liked is unfit all through, just as the "man who has no enemies is unfit to have a friend". But let anyone who will consider my system bear in mind that it gives a remedy for useless optimism by injecting sufficient pessimism to make young people take life serious; that it turns the drudgery of book-study into profitable play; that it provides the best physical training under the kindly supervision of the "stomach". In view of these advantages, I feel sure that old Jean J. Rousseau, if he were alive now, would vote me the Nobel prize. "Novelty College" as outlined in the English Journal, College Edition, has nothing on my system. But some one will say that surely a most important item in educational practice has been forgotten by me; that there must certainly be some place for—ah, go on, you antiquated educator, kindly wipe your nose on a rasp and wake up—no, there will be no examinations!

Victor J. Pax, '30

VER AMOENUM

The snow has thawed away,
And lovely Spring is here;
The song of birds again
Enthralls our hearts with cheer.

The robins chirp their tunes;
The doves are cooing low;
Beside the brook so clear
The woodchuck ambles slow.

The trees are dressed anew
With robes of verdure gay;
The flowers by their hue
Enhance the season's sway.

The gentle breeze of Spring,
With touch like velvet soft
Makes all the children gay;
Their laugh rings through the croft.

The thrilling season's here;
The time for joy and mirth:
Oh, stay with us fair Spring,
And cheer this glum old earth!

R. Guillozet, '30

A college Senior reads German at sight, and Latin (an easier language) in hope, because his professors do the same thing, hence the ignorant unpopularity of the old classical course.—Austin O'Malley.

The Discomfiture of Maggie O'May

"All about the Pope leaving the Vatican!" was the newsboy's shout that rang through the coaches of the Santa Fe Limited just a few minutes before the train began its flight toward the western prairies.

"The Pope leaves the Vatican!"

At this deafening outburst a dainty, half-withered book worm, who was sitting in the far end of the car, wearily roused himself and clasping his moldy treasure "Peregrine Pickle" more tightly resumed his reading. A wee little straggler, ragged but happy beyond a doubt, coyly peeping into every seat to assure himself that each passenger was well supplied with several copies of the latest news, suddenly spied the great literary figure. Raising the streamer lines before the ailing little man and at the same time shielding the poor victim from the mighty blast, in true newsboy style, loudly announced:

"All about Catholic Poetry telling the 'Way He Can!' "

"Upon my word," said the elite personage, being taken by such a surprise attack. Considering it the most diplomatic way to secure the quiet necessary for concentration, although somewhat reluctant to part with his nickel, he purchased a paper.

It was a bad day for Mr. Book Lover! No sooner had disturbance number one been successfully sidetracked when a middle-aged lady, whose form and beauty had seen better days, emphatically parked herself opposite the cultured gentleman and boldly opened the window, whereupon a volume of soot and smoke greeted her chosen companion. How he hated smoke and soot, especially when it came in contact with his well-pressed suit or his immaculately white

shirt! Although he showed his thorough disapproval by many a finicky gesture, it was all in vain, for the old lady was pleased to have her "fresh air" in rigid adherence to her medical prescriptions. Being thoroughly disgusted, the underfed Book Worm crawled to the other end of the car. But it was to be a bad day for him, and, do what he might, he could not improve the situation. Since he could find no seat to his liking, he returned to his former parking place where to his complete bewilderment, he found that the fat lady had annexed his gilt-edged treasure and was now deeply interested in that volume of forgotten lore. Just when the argument waxed warm the train started with a jerk, while the Literary Lion, to his great chagrin and to the hearty amusement of all the other passengers, went sprawling into the arms of his tormenting companion.

Thoroughly enraged, the woman scrambled off with the air of offended dignity and throwing the antiquated volume at the gaping newsboy, she haughtily left the car.

"A queer old woman, isn't she?"

I was astonished by this question from the sedate and very conservative appearing gentleman who just a little previously had surprised me by his unsociableness. I was pleased beyond a doubt when this man, who seemed to know more than most people, was willing to talk, for I felt that his conversation would add to the interest of the trip.

"You know," he began, "she reminds me of a quaint old teacher of mine, whom we, as boys, derisively called Maggie O'May. Her Christian name was Margaret, and since she had the habit of screaming "O'May" when anything unusual occurred in the classroom, we called her Maggie O'May.

"All my teachers proved to be rare creatures, but as no two things are alike, a pronounced difference naturally distinguished one from another. Such was the case with Maggie O'May. Of all the teachers to whom I pledged perfect obedience, she above all others, lingers as the impress of peculiarities will.

"It was during the adventurous year of my seventh grade that I chanced to acquaint myself with this glum and eccentric creature, Maggie O'May. She embodied all the peculiarities that spinsterism together with the mythological superstitions could combine. By birth she was a dilemma, alleging, as she did, the possession of four quarterings of noble descent, yet never yielding in her wanton fallacy that on one side her grandparents were fully Russian. When called upon to explain the situation, she would invariably substantiate her claim by remarking that four noble quarterings had always held place throughout her famous ancestry.

"In figure she was lithe as an athlete but somewhat gibbous. Her appearance in general was far from being gaudy. A veil tied about her wet-combed hair, a long uncinatè nose and black gnu eyes indicated a disposition that dared to be offensive should occasion give the least sign of provocation.

"Her dress was free from any flouncing gewgaw, which, it is true, was strictly prohibited according to her ethics, but the absence of which rendered her appearance intolerably dull. Obsessed by alien thoughts, haunted by intellectual perplexities, repressed by possible future mishaps, attacked by violent scruples, pricked by a harsh conscience—such were the concepts one would readily read from her turbid countenance after closely observing her for a time. To render an adequately sharp delineation of

Maggie would, however, presuppose Macaulay's vocabulary.

"The yearly celebration of St. Patrick's Day with a thorough jettison of studies, became more and more important in our minds during boyhood days. Our conscientious efforts to please Maggie in all respects were successfully accomplished. Of course this was always a real quandary even to the most optimistic among us. That Maggie should be well pleased was of the highest importance, for it was she who, like Jupiter, presaged our fortunes without let or hindrance. She was simply a despot and wielded her power with boundless leverage. School or free day depended upon her mighty will.

"If I recollect accurately it was on the day before St. Patrick's that a new game was devised for indoor pastime. It must be remembered that the school house had two rooms; the one served as a classroom, studyhall, and, when the weather was bad outdoors, as a recreation hall; the other was an ill-kept room used as a dressing room for actors. It was in the latter that we elected our president to conduct the game with secret and exacting ceremonies. The president readily accepted his office and the corresponding duties. The following dissertation was then opened:

" 'I, as chairman, hereby announce the newly devised game which consists in a descriptive representation of Maggie O'May!'

"The speech was received with vociferous applause, and I at once arose and spoke as follows:

" 'Mr. President, I humbly entreat leave to speak on Her Highness, Maggie O'May. As was her favorite custom, Maggie persistently anchored within four feet of my desk, for reasons but very slightly con-

cealed. In the course of time I was often harassed by that mania which convention terms curiosity, and which incidentally led me to experiment one. The avowed purpose was to find the dimensions of her feet and also of her hands by means of the following procedure, of which the result is the following data and conclusion respectively.

“‘As to the dimensions of her feet I made many a conjecture, at least fifteen, but as I learned later, I was as far off the track as I am from Jerusalem. To determine these measurements accurately, therefore, I placed a ruler by my desk where she was wont to recuperate after lecturing an hour on “Adherence to Principle” to the fifth class, who very seldom, if ever, showed any interest in the subject.

“‘As presupposed, Maggie stepped on the ruler as a goose steps on a nestful of eggs. When I peeped to observe my data, I was uncontrollably astounded to find that the twelve inch ruler was entirely covered. Again that same passion, which is called curiosity, blindly led me to perform the second and more hazardous experiment.

“‘This time I proceeded to determine the hand area. It was a keen strategem, at least so I thought then. I placed a large sheet of paper on my desk with the inch marks both ways. Thereupon I called upon Maggie O’May to work a problem at my desk. This she consented to do willingly enough, but quite unsuccessfully. Several times she threatened to leave me before I had plucked the prized fruit, albeit the fruit was sour. I managed, however, to entertain her by advancing queries that were somewhat absurd until she had placed her hand exactly over the marks put there for that very purpose. As before the data were startling, almost appalling, and showed her palm

to be eight and one half inches long.

“To determine the caliber of her temper was the purpose of experiment three which was performed with fear and trembling, unbounded indeed, as one might know. The school bell had mysteriously disappeared on a set date. Maggie O'May surmised that four of us were either the instigators of this trick or even the real kidnappers of the bell. Things became rather serious for four of us, and in particular for me, because Maggie seriously suspected me as being the culprit. In a special session called by “Her Honor” I asked her very frankly if an immediate adjournment would be granted if I revealed the identity of the sought-for criminal. She assented to the request most readily. I backed towards the door, but Maggie came right with me, as I confessed the theft of her beloved bell. I tried to make her my debtor by accepting the promise she had so willingly made. I say I tried, but a volcanic outburst overtook me as “Her Highness”, Maggie O'May, caught me by the collar; I halted or rather reversed, completely controlled by her choleric temper. She thundered at me, she shook me, and all with such high voltage that I passed through the starry regions into the fathomless depths of pitch darkness. What she said afterwards I have never been able to learn—perhaps it is better that I did not find out—but when I awoke I was carried away by my companions. The only indication I had that the storm had not subsided was Maggie prancing up and down the room to the rhythmic “tic toc” of the classroom clock, entirely regardless of all that had happened. The pleasures of the realm of oblivion were still partially mine when the old clock interrupted her gait by announcing the close of the fourth hour. Had anybody asked me then to give a descrip-

tion of her merciless countenance, I could easily have made one hundred percent on her nose alone, not to mention her whims and sublime ideas so clearly outlined upon her features that I shall never forget them, but shall dwell upon them immediately.'

"A creeping fever seemed to overtake me at that particular point. I suspected trouble, but the sting of wounded pride forbade me to discontinue. I gasped once, made one bold endeavor for the tail end of my speech, when suddenly the door flew open with a terrific bang; and there stood the imperious and haughty Maggie O'May, her visage now white, now fiery. One or two sounds surged through the crowd as though they arose from a bottomless pit, but they waned meaninglessly to nothing in the quiet hush. When I had paid my last compliment, that same volcanic temper leaped forth from her more violently and impetuously than it had at the disclosure of the identity of the thief who had taken the bell. With blazing eyes she searched the room. With hair on end and clinched fists she was swept away into one of those torrents of invective that leave their impress for many a day.

"We huddled together in the corner of the room like a crowd about to be led to the stake, deploring our most unfortunate condition. Yes, she had dashed our hopeful dreams of a free day into darkest disappointment. As the clock, once more interrupting the ominous silence, announced the completion of another unsuccessful, nevertheless, very thrilling, school-day, Maggie, in all her despotic dignity and majesty, accompanied by the clattering of her hobnails, swaggered up to the blackboard and wrote thereon, 'There will be school tomorrow.'

"A terrible blizzard swept the country far and

wide on that same eventful evening. The whole universe seemed to be in outright protest against the cruel sentence on the blackboard, but the climatic turmoil had very little efficacy in alleviating the meaning of the sentence, passed by the supreme mistress of all pedagogical severity. Next morning, as our gallant company plowed through four and five foot snow drifts, and through a driving blizzard toward the school house, we saw Maggie leaning against the door breathing heavily as if she had been working very hard. When she spied us her face was diffused with that characteristic grin which always left one in doubt as to whether she were smiling in affirmation or in derision; the cold blasts had no effect in removing this perplexing grimace.

"To make a long story short Maggie persisted in having school, but failed utterly. When she proceeded to remove her gloves she found her fingers so badly frozen that it was impossible for her to hold book or pencil on that day. Without asking, we escorted her home where her landlady relieved us of further service in the care of Maggie O'May. Vengeance, vengeance! Ah, St. Patrick! We had our free day."

"Hello, Professor Meyers," interrupted an old Irish conductor. "How are you? Getting off at the next station? Let me take your suitcase."

"Very well, sir, thank you!" and turning to me, the professor added: "I must leave you now for I am at my destination, but I hope to see you again at some future time, if chance will have it so."

"Thank you very much, professor, and may the occasion soon present itself," I replied.

"Yes, my lad, to be sure, but I forgot to season my story—the vacation lasted for three weeks, Ha, ha,

ha! So long, my boy," said the professor as he turned to leave.

As that joyful soul vanished from my sight, I could not help but shake my head and paraphrase the lines of Longfellow:

"Lives of all great men remind us
We can make our lives sublime,"
For they as youths were also villains
E'en as are the ninety-nine.

Killian H. Dreiling, '30

DEMURE

Why blooms yon pretty flower
Alone so fair and coy?
Doth it not fear some power
That wanton may destroy?
Far from all worldly rumble,
It seeks the meadows wide;
Content to bloom quite humble
On veldts with daisies pied.
There wasting all its fragrance,
Where grazing flocks may stray,
It strives to give sweet utt'rance
To some complaisant lay.
But, oh, the thoughts are hidden,
That murmur in its breast;
As flowers are forbidden
Their fancies to bequest.
Repose then, pretty flower,
And keep thy heart in peace,
Though trees above thee tower,
Thy worth will not decrease.

L. C. Storch, '32

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

Published Monthly by the Students of
ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

VOL. XVIII

April 12, 1930

NO. 7

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

One Year -----	\$1.50
Single Copies -----	\$.20
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EDITORIAL

The beautiful feast of Easter is an occasion of joy throughout the Christian world. It recalls to mind the truth of the saying as exemplified in the person of Christ, the Lord and Saviour of mankind, that the road of suffering is the path which leads to glory. Whether it be an agreeable fact or not, and for man it certainly is disagreeable, yet the truth of these words cannot be gainsaid no matter what glory, be it that of eternal joy in heaven, or be it that of earthly fame, is singled out as an objective.

As to the glory of heaven the Apostle plainly says: "Through trials and temptations it behooveth us to enter into the kingdom of God." Christ Himself enforces this teaching by word and example. People then who call themselves Christians will find it necessary to share suffering with their Divine Lord and Master if they wish to have solid grounds for hope to share in His eternal glory.

But why should not eternal glory be worth suffering and sacrifice when even earthly fame imposes equally hard conditions upon those who would gain it? If the world places the title "Great" before the name of any man, it may be taken for granted that this particular individual has endured privations and sufferings, or the title would never have been meted out to him. Rulers, generals, admirals, and scholars whose names are enshrined with fame on the pages of history did not merit their laurels by basking in the sunshine or by languishing in arm-chairs. But they did achieve professional eminence through labor, hardship, and self-denial.

If, however, the feast of Easter is reminiscent of joys and sufferings, it carries a still greater significance in furnishing proof for the possibility of a resurrection from the dead. It was this idea that brought Longfellow to write, "There is no death, what seems so, is transition." Should it be surprising then that Christians draw from the celebration of this feast consolations that are superior to those that any other consideration can afford them? Here encouragement may be had to fulfill duties of whatever kind because there is definite assurance of a reward that shall know no end.

M. D.

THE PRICE OF PROGRESS

Progress may be said to depend upon the hatred man has for the possibility of "amounting to nothing". In consequence every fad is exploited for the sake of gaining publicity. Since our own country is proverbially progressive, it is but natural that Americans should be foremost in trying out notoriety stunts. There are stories of coast-to-coast foot-racing, endurance-dance exhibitions, flipflops on the edge of forty-story buildings, of perching on the top of flagpoles for days and nights without reasonable rest, and of many other things of a triksy nature down to making the best time in running with a jinrikisha through the street.

But it was always so. People always did "hate to amount to nothing". Of old a fellow would jump into a volcano in order to die mysteriously, now he tries to be a "whim-slayer", or he will proceed to break the ice for the sake of taking a "publicity dip", or he will do as lately Max Hinel did in Germany, who, though being a small man weighing only 121 pounds, beat the world's record by eating seventy-five eggs in ten minutes. These examples show how foolish people can come to act in their desire to "amount to something".

Of course the desire to "amount to something" is not to be classed as foolish, but with that desire should go the knowledge that man's "actions tend to go from one extreme to another like the pendulum of a clock", and with this knowledge as a guide he should learn how to proceed sanely to the creation of something that is worth while. It is in this way only that results can be achieved that have lasting merit—results that will enable a man to "amount to

something", and that will prove that he has not wasted his energies in a mere craving for publicity.

F. W.

EXCHANGES

It is but natural that Exchange Editors should show signs of weariness as the school year is dragging itself into the months of spring. No lagging at the job will find an excuse, however, until the June issues have made their way over the mail routes. Hence, come on, old boys, show your spunk! The Collegian wants you to be frank for that alone will produce improvement. Already several suggestions have been noted down which the Collegian plans to turn to advantage in the future, and more suggestions are wanted.

This month, ST. JOSEPH'S GLEANER from St. Joseph's College, Hinsdale, Illinois, strikes us as being the best balanced magazine. In it is a splendid poem on Lincoln; in it is an enchanting reverie on winter that demonstrates a mind capable of detecting beauty in even seemingly bleak objects; in it also is a story, "The Rivals" which, though its paragraph transition is not so well marked, conveys an absorbing plot. But that which most pleased us is the essay, "O Adolescentes Fortunati", for this treatise brings a special message to each of us students at Collegeville. May our compliments serve to encourage you, the staff of "ST. JOSEPH'S GLEANER", and may we some day have the privilege of meeting during our future, mutual occupations.

Reading through THE BURR of West Catholic High, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, we discovered a

real gem in the poem "Virtues". From the tenor of the poem, we have all the reasons in the world to expect big things from its author; may we not be disappointed. That he himself read the story "Just a Taxi-Cab Driver", we suggest to anyone who wonders why a story bearing such an odd title could win a short story contest. For a personal perusal of this splendidly written story we believe will show its novel plot and clever write up as the two reasons for winning first place in a contest. Another story that is delightfully personal and grammatically consistent, we note, is "The Trail of White Star". In closing we wish to express our satisfaction with this publication, but we suggest that it should not forget some essays in the next issue.

Not so long ago a lady from our much abused state, Indiana, took a trip to California. Upon returning home she had so many praises to bestow on the land of sunshine that nearly all in the town in which she lived decided to pack up and go west. Though this plan never matured, yet the memory still lingers. This memory is continually refreshed by the pages of THE COLLEGIAN coming from St. Mary's College, located in that state of blue and golden skies. Upon reading in that publication such articles as "Vapid News", "Books", "On The Margin", we feel that the writers whose productions appear in THE COLLEGIAN have absorbed into themselves a great deal of the gradeur for which California is renowned. The "Editorials" and especially "Outlooks and Insights" give plain assurance that the impression we speak of is perfectly justified. To state our idea simply as inspired by the pages of THE COLLEGIAN, we would say, "California is great, and St. Mary's College helps to make it so".

A good example of a campus paper is realized in NOTRE DAME NEWS, official organ of Notre Dame College, South Euclid, Ohio. A number of articles appealed to us in particular, especially one in the "Side Show" column, that deals with the fears accompanying the distribution of report cards. The "why" of this dread to our minds, is expressed in another article on "Greek" and in a rather doubtful opinion of "Logic". The "Serial of Elaine" and the "Editorials" are some of the more valuable literary productions. Good work!

Finally there is the spirited campus sheet, THE WENDELLETTE that comes monthly to us from St. Wendelin High School, Fostoria, Ohio. Besides a number of little poems, the February issue contains a very absorbing story, "The Little General". Just continue producing stories of this type and you will continue to find a welcome among our exchanges. In conclusion, give our regards to Father Duffy (our friend, thank you) and your great benefactor.

Grateful recognition is given to the following Exchanges: ADELPHIAN; BAY LEAF; THE BELL; BLACK AND RED; BLUE AND WHITE; BROADCASTER; BROWN AND WHITE; CALVERT NEWS; CEE AY; CENTRIC; CHRONICLE; COLORED HARVEST; COSMOS; COUNSELOR; FIELD AFAR; FRAM; GOOD NEWS; H. C. C. JOURNAL; HIGH LIGHTS AND SHADOWS; HOUR GLASS; INKLINGS; LOOK AHEAD; LOYOLA NEWS; MARIAN; MEGAPHONE; PACIFIC STAR; PRINT-CRAFTERS; PURPLE AND WHITE; RED AND BLUE; RATTLER; RED AND WHITE; RENSSELAERIAN; SHAMROCK; SIGMA; SPOTLIGHT; SPOTLITE; VINCENTIAN; VISTA; VOICE; and WAG.

LIBRARY NOTES

Biography, as pointed out in the Notes of the last issue, was found to be gaining steadily in the interest of its readers, and the main reason adduced was the appearance of the so-called new or modern biographers. It is only natural that this field, which has as its very foundation the life and works of a genius of some type, should be highly interesting to the reader.

Now in this field of biography, the special type known as autobiography has a supreme interest for its readers. That this should be the case is more or less natural and to be expected. For, if the study of a great man's career analyzed by a lesser character (as in biography) is interesting, then doubly entertaining should be a study of that career as interpreted by the genius himself. How much greater than merely hearing or reading about a great personage is the pleasure of actually meeting him face to face and speaking with him directly. How honored we would feel if Al Smith were to chat with us for an hour or more, telling us of his rise from a delivery boy "on the Sidewalks of New York" to the governor's chair at Albany and his ultimate choice as a candidate for the presidency of the United States; or if Colonel Lindbergh were someday to come swooping down from the sky and relate to us the triumph and adventure of his lone flight across the Atlantic. No doubt we would mark the occasion as one of the red-letter days of our life and would feel justly proud to have been thus honored by such a renowned personage. But exactly this is the opportunity offered to us by an earnest and sympathetic perusal of Al Smith's

"Up to Now" and Colonel Lindbergh's "We". For in an autobiography the author does speak directly to us—a self-mirroring, as it were, of himself and his various moods and attitudes.

Besides himself, the autobiographer speaks to us of the different phases of life as seen by him, and to this narration he naturally brings a great deal of that genius which has distinguished him and made him the great character that he is. The biographer, indeed, tells us something about the man's attitude toward life, but we get much more from his own statements than from a second-hand and oft-times biased account written after the figure has ceased to exist. Maurice Francis Egan, a Catholic, a politician, and for a long time ambassador to Denmark, always an interesting and nationally-known character, has written for us in a personal manner the benefits and accomplishments of his long and profitable career, in "Recollections of a Happy Life". What an immense storehouse of knowledge and experience such a character has to rely upon! After having spent four score years in the service of his country and his fellowmen, now when the last lingering shades of life are falling, and he is no longer able to take an active part, he continues in the role of adviser and counselor.

Again, the autobiographer, since he himself is a great or popular character, must have in the exercise of his duties come into contact with other great men, not only through reading but as an intimate acquaintance; and, consequently, he is able to give us some of the "inside information" on affairs and events of a public nature, which heretofore have been quite hazy in our mind. Thus "Ludendorff's Own Story", published ten years after the Great War, has surprised the reading world by the new light which

it sheds upon the German plans of attacks and sieges, about which we have heard so much but still so little of real truth. Another source of information on this much discussed topic is the "Memoirs" of Kaiser Wilhelm II. Now, nearly fifteen years after the signing of the armistice, it can be told. So, too, we have the autobiographies written by the famous leaders and generals of our own nation, including those of Abraham Lincoln, Ulysses Grant, Philip Sheridan, and our popular president, Theodore Roosevelt.

Another important consideration in regard to autobiography is the purpose which the author has in mind when he begins his work. Some, as Cardinal Newman in his "Apologia Pro Vita Sua", aim to give us the cause or reason that they have made some important change or taken some new step in their later life. Others, as DeQuincey in his "Confessions of an English Opium Eater", warn us against certain evils to which man is prone, offering themselves as examples of the lesson they wish to teach. Thus we could go on indefinitely giving examples of personages in every walk of life who have left us their personal experiences in the form of books. There are in the study of personal traits and formation of character such autobiographies as Booker T. Washington's "Up From Slavery", Hamlin Garland's "Son of the Middle Border", and Maxim Gorki's "My Childhood". In the field of art, famous examples as "My Musical Life" by Walter Damrosch, and "Footlights and Spotlights" by Otis Skinner. In the political field we find the private papers and documents of many of the important happenings as given in the memoirs of the presidents and their assistants. In the realm of religion, too, we are greeted with autobiographies

of many of the Saints—of St. Teresa, to mention only one.

Often in this present age of ours when everything moves so quickly, many of our famous characters and personages write their autobiographies at a comparatively early age, and indeed, they have enough experiences to fill a large size volume. More frequently, however, the person will wait until his active life is nearly over before he will attempt to give the story of it to the public. It is related of Isadora Duncan, famous dancer and stage performer, that at the time when she believed her stage career to be at an end she had made a contract to publish her memoirs in serial form in one of the leading magazines. Later, however, she was offered another chance to appear before the footlights and she immediately seized the opportunity. When asked about the book she was to write, she answered as if astounded, "Publish my memoirs now? What do you think I am, an old woman? Am I dead? Only the living dead publish their memoirs." This indeed would seem to be true, at least in the case of many famous people. In the evening of their lives they give to the reading world their memoirs as a testimony of the of the deeds they have accomplished and the things by which they wish to be remembered in years to come.

SOCIETIES

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

"The morning after the night before" usually has a sinister connotation, but in this instance its meaning is that of one grand celebration following

another. "The morning after" was a glorious St. Patrick's Day, while "the night before" was memorable for the presentation of "The Time of His Life" by the C. L. S. We shall leave "the morning after" to the Local column for further discussion and treat only "the night before" in these pages.

"The Time of His Life", a comedy in three acts by C. Leona Dalrymple, presents a situation in which Mrs. Bob Grey finds herself in an embarrassing predicament, for while her husband is out west, and both the cook and the negro butler have received the evening off, Mrs. Grey receives notice that her sedate aunt and crabbed uncle are to arrive from New York within half an hour. Mrs. Grey is having the house redecorated during her husband's absence and is obliged to receive the visitors into a house which is in a general state of disorder and confusion. Tom Carter, the brother of Mrs. Grey, upholds the dignity of the Grey family in the presence of so great a "personage" as Mrs. Wycombe, the aunt, by masquerading as Uncle Tom, the colored servant and serving, in the absence of the cook, a dinner ordered from the apartment hotel across the street. When Tom enters the room with a glistening black face, he discovers, much to his dismay, that Dorothy Landon, his fiancée has arrived with the Wycombes. From this point on, the various situations which develop become more and more ludicrous and more embarrassing for Mrs. Grey, who realizes that the digestion of Mr. Wycombe is very sensitive and fears at the same time that any minute he will discover the fact that he has eaten a restaurant dinner. The second act is climaxed by this discovery and the fainting of Mr. Wycombe.

In the third act Mr. Grey and Mr. Landon arrive

home from the West and in the absence of Mr. Grey, Mr. Wycombe discovers Mr. Landon asleep and supposing him a burglar has him tied to the chair. A stormy scene ensues between Mr. Landon and Mr. Wycombe who have never been on the best of terms. The act is climaxed by the revelation as to the identity of "Uncle Tom" and Mr. Landon's consent to the engagement of his daughter Dorothy to Tom Carter.

The complications are finally unravelled, however. Tom has secured his beloved Dorothy; Wycombe and Landon become friends and "all's well that ends well".

Bela Szemetko and Mark Kelly, playing the parts of Mr. and Mrs. Bob Grey, performed very efficiently. As usual Mark Kelly made a stunning "femme" as did Edmund Binsfeld as Dorothy Landon, and Virgil Van Oss as the "personage" Mrs. Peter Wycombe. These three have always succeeded in injecting into a performance that touch imparted by the fair sex. Due to the fact that a feminine role is usually harder to portray than a masculine role because the former requires more make-believe, they deserve especial credit for their all-around excellent work.

The character of Tom Carter demanded the best efforts of a lively, wide-awake actor due to the fact that it was necessary for him to portray at one time the character of a young man, full of pranks and mischief, and at another time that of an aged negro with all of a negro's peculiarities. Leonard Cross, playing with seemingly the greatest ease and naturalness, merits great praise. Urban Hoorman as the real Uncle Tom did wonderful work likewise, and was of the greatest assistance in putting the audience in the proper receptive mood due to his contagious laughter.

Two temperamental old men, not at all alike, were

also to be found in this play. Mr. James Landon, Sr., the man with the extremely peppery disposition, was aptly enacted by James Elliot who was not in the least afraid to display his keen bluster. Ralph Boker, as Mr. Peter Wycombe, won the instant praise of his audience when he appeared clad in a heavy great-coat and wristlets, his feet inclosed in galoshes, besides bearing an umbrella, divers bottles of medicine and pills and oh, yes, a pair of antiquated ear-muffs which were the generous donation of Brother Fidelis. A pessimist nonpareil, with a delicate digestive system all his own, a gloomy outlook on life, and a constant harassing fear of fire, burglars, and dread of getting his pills mixed such was Mr. Boker. He convulsed the audience in the third act by appearing in pajamas and bathrobe, with as many as five hot water bottles tied around him. Due, however, to his promise to Mr. James Landon never to take another pill, nor ever again make reference to his health, he is now once more his usual congenial self, although some have been heard to say that in playing the part of an old grouch he did not find it necessary to extend himself over much.

One more character was necessary to make "The Time of His Life" a complete success, and that was Officer Hogan, in real life Evaristus Olberding, whose acquisition of a delightful "ould Sod" brogue added the necessary touch of Irish color to the St. Patrick's Day play.

The next appearance of the C. L. S. will be on the eve of Alumni Day when the society will furnish all present with an evening of enjoyment by staging another three act comedy, "Take My Advice".

NEWMAN CLUB

While the Newmanites have not met the eye of the public since March 2, they have not been inactive, for their meetings and private programs have been characterized by that interest and spirit which always results in great strides towards advancement. The members of the cast of "All Night Long", which is scheduled for the eve of the Patronage of St. Joseph, are working with great enthusiasm that this play may be the sparkling jewel in the center of the crown of the Newman Club's activities for this school year.

DWENGER MISSION UNIT

The Sophomores under the direction of Thomas Durkin and Edmund Binsfeld produced an exceptionally fine mission playlet entitled, "A Happy Ending". The scene was laid in China where idolatry was being practiced in spite of the zealous efforts of the American missionary. Maleia, a Chinese christian boy, conceives an idea of having some fun by taking the place of one of the grotesque idols. He garbs himself in the gaudy clothing of the idol and wears its death-head mask. The fear and timidity of the other native boys on hearing the supposed idol speak, affords Maleia great fun. This source of amusement lasts until Ah Na, another Chinese christian boy and friend of Maleia, recognizes the voice of his friend. Ah Na reprimands Maleia for his thoughtlessness, since by acting the part of a talking idol he might lead the natives to place more confidence in false gods. Thereupon Maleia decides to tell all who pass by that he is a fake and does so in these words: "I am not a real god and you do wrong to worship me—go to the white Father and be converted to the real God." Of course the priest is not pleased with the method which

Maleia had adopted and tells him that the end does not justify the means, a truth which the little Chinese zealot must yet learn to appreciate.

Delbert Welch showed exceptional talent in acting the part of Maleia, while William McKune as Ah Na, and Herman Kirchner, the missionary, played their parts well. The other members of the cast all did their share to make "A Happy Ending" one of the best Mission playlets ever presented by the D. M. U. They were: Joseph Allgeier, Dominic Altieri, Edward Fischer, Tyre Forsee, Aloysius Geimer, Alfred Horriggan, David Maloney, Earl Rausch, Vernon Rosenthal, and Robert Woodard.

At the same meeting Bernard DeMars delivered an interesting talk, entitled, "The Aviator Missionary in Gobi". Extremely pleasing to the audience were Alvin Irick's two vocal solos, "Hymn of the C. S. M. C." and "Ave Maria". An encore was required of the "Ave Maria". Again John Talbot Spalding played the piano accompaniment.

"The Lyrics" written by Francis Weiner and John Baechle were considered as being of equal merit and of deserving the first place in the recent Song Contest, hence each will receive a first award of a \$2.50 gold piece. A peculiarity of these lyrics is that both happen to be written in the same meter, and for this reason the members of the Unit will be enabled to sing both songs to the same melody. The Dwenger Mission Unit wishes to extend to Professor Paul C. Tonner its sincerest gratitude for having composed the music to which the words of these lyrics will be sung.

MUSIC DEPARTMENT

At the staging of a three-act comedy on the eve

of St. Patrick's Day by the C. L. S., the local band signalized itself by giving much delightful entertainment to the audience. The first musical number played on that occasion was a march entitled "The Conqueror". Great applause indicated that the melody went right home to the feelings of all present. "Hearts of Gold", the second production, is an overture. There is a pleasing, rhythmic movement in this selection which does not fail to captivate listeners and to compel attention. That both numbers were played very perfectly is borne out by the manner in which they were appreciated.

The members of the band heartily welcome Father Henry Lucks to their circle. He is a first-class performer on the clarinet, and his skill in playing will materially strengthen the reed section of the band. That your membership in the band, Father Lucks, will continue for years to come is greatly desired by all the inmates of St. Joseph's.

Enviably credit is due to student Francis Weiner, who on this occasion held the audience spell-bound by his violin solo, "Hejra Kati". Of course an encore was demanded, and since a large number of visitors were present from Kentucky, the encore was "My Old Kentucky Home". All Kentuckians were taken by the ears when Professor Tonner, who accompanied Mr. Weiner on the piano, struck up the introductory measures. To render this popular old song still more pleasing, Professor Tonner introduced many beautiful and intricate variations into his accompaniment. The folks from Kentucky gave evidence of their exceeding delight by demonstrative applause. Come again, you all from Kentucky, everybody here will be more than pleased to enjoy your company.

Much of the success attending the musical selec-

tions played at the last few programs is due to the quiet and encouraging attention given by the audience. It is the sincere hope of all those who are engaged in rendering music in public that this attitude will continue.

ALUMNI NOTES

Rev. Philip J. Rose, of the class of '24, celebrated his first Holy Mass at Burlington, Wis., on February 4th. The occasion brought together a large number of former St. Joe boys.

Father Rose is now stationed at the Assumption Church, West Allis, Wisconsin, where he is ready, as he says, to welcome classmates and alumni who may happen to wander northward to good old Milwaukee. We, all here at St. Joseph's, heartily congratulate you, Father Rose, on the success that has come your way, and incidentally we want you to remember that we expect to see you here at your old Alma Mater on Alumni Day.

Our tall friend and star basketball center of '20-22, John Puetz, has some very good news to broadcast. On February 22, John had a little celebration of his own in Chicago. In consequence of this celebration his mail now comes addressed to Mr. and Mrs. John Puetz. The street is South Richmond, the number is 4411; the place is Chicago. Everybody at St. Joseph's sends warmest felicitations to the joint owners of this new address, and all at this place, as well as the Oldtimers of '20, should make it their business to look up the address as here given when they find themselves in Chicago. If they do so, they can be sure that a good time will be handed out to them.

Again it is our sorry duty to record the death of an alumnus. On March 17, Matthew Amato of the class of '27 passed from this life at his home in Springfield, Ohio. We, the students, together with the professors of St. Joseph's, who knew Matthew intimately join in sincere condolence with his many friends and relatives.

With much pleasure we have noted that all during the past year one or the other of the younger alumni has made very readable contributions to the *Tiny American Tribune*, which is a supplement to a rather pretentious daily paper. The one, if not the other, to whom we refer has his home somewhere in Mercer County at present. It is also known to us that the "one" knew the *Collegian* for a full year more intimately than many others will ever come to know it. How comes it that all at once these merry contributions have ceased? Eh! "one", let the readers of the *Collegian* know about this matter in a letter which will help to fill this column with good news.

LOCALS

With sentiments of profound gratitude do I acknowledge the expression of sympathy for the loss of Mother, tendered me by the Faculty and the Students of St. Joseph's in the March issue of the *Collegian*.

Rev. Henry A. Lucks, C. PP. S.

Sincerest thanks are herewith extended to the Rev. Ludger Huber, C. PP. S., who very kindly secured a number of beautiful vestments for use in the college chapel. Among the vestments are six purple chasubles of which two are particularly gorge-

ous and as such are to be used exclusively on feast days and Sundays; two green vestments, a white and a red one, besides a violet cope and velum. This is the second time within very recent months that the college has occasion to thank Father Huber for a gift of vestments that are one and all splendid both in design and workmanship. The gift is timely and is in every way thoroughly appreciated.

On Sunday, March 16, we of St. Joseph's fully realized that it would have been plainly impossible to hold a meeting of whatever kind in Louisville, Kentucky, since no society in that town could have obtained a quorum. The reason for this occurrence is due to the fact that the greater part of the population of that fair city had come to spend a day at Collegeville. To the C. I. & L. excursion a special car was attached which brought fully sixty people to Rensselaer from Louisville, everyone of whom preferred to visit St. Joseph's rather than to continue the trip to Chicago.

At St. Joseph's, which was their objective, the visitors were entertained in grand style. At three in the afternoon the Varsity went into action—the first time in five years. The game of which a detailed account may be found in the Sport Section was a novel affair for the lovers of local sports, while the 62-25 defeat of the Whiting Blackhawks proved that St. Joe's old-time basketball tradition was as good as ever.

In the evening the C. L. S. production, "Time of His Life", a comedy of exceptional humor, kept the visitors laughing until it was time to depart for their "Old Kentucky Home". Here's hoping that "you all"

had a good time. Don't forget that St. Joseph's is already awaiting your next visit!

The St. Patrick's Day parade that spread its usual good cheer in Rensselaer on last March 17, was the best demonstration in recent years, if not the best in the history of the college. Old Man Weather was pouting and mumbling to himself in the act of spoiling it all with his rain barrel, but fearing the attacks of Irish temper that would certainly overflow in sarcastic remarks all of which would be sure to make their way into the Collegian, he shed only a two or three bitter tears, and then taking a back seat, he smiled disdainfully and gloomily on the doings of the St. Joe boys.

Cloudy weather prohibited the use of the big bass drum in the parade, but none of the other attractions were wanting. Due to his splendid horsemanship, Urich, alias Slicker, was given the honor of riding the brown charger. Two of his friends, Homsey and Tatar, both of whom have natural riding legs, were the only others to vie with him for that enviable position. The parade formed on the main campus, passed the reviewing stand, and at one-thirty o'clock was well on its way to town.

Heading the parade, conspicuous for their class caps, green neckties, and arm bands, were the Seniors, who carried Old Glory and their class banner—the flaming torch of wisdom and knowledge showing bright upon a blue field. The Fifths with their “Whoop Jug” banner were out celebrating for all they were worth. The Fourths, however, had the honor of being the most conspicuous group in the parade for their standard and their splendid array of balloons added the most color of all to the procession.

Much credit for the success of the parade is due to the green-hatted Juniors, who made a real day of the occasion with their canes and other contrivances. The Sophomores also came in for considerable notice with their red and black pennant, while to the Freshmen fell the important task of bringing up the rear with their banner of green and gold that very loudly marked the class of '35. The standards of the lower classes displayed considerable ingenuity, and the enthusiasm that characterized the parading of the lower class men gives evidence of bigger and better parades in coming years.

Merrily singing and cheering, the happy throng went down the paved road to enliven the town of Rensselaer with a joyful spirit. Having greeted their next door neighbors at the Monnett School with a hearty cheer, the paraders turned down Main Street where they gave fifteen "big ones" for the town and many special ones for the business men. A side street brought the procession to the Rensselaer High School. Here six foot "Bert" Shenk, in the forgotten garb of long ago—short panties, half socks, dimpled knees, ruffled blouse, brown locks, sportive grin, attempting to use as little sense as possible (just an enlargement of little Willard as he placed the big red apple on the teacher's desk, years ago, and thus began his career as a handshaker)—was attracted so much by the sight of the high school that he decided to enter the building. This, however, was out of question for his appearance showed that he belonged to the grade school, and since the pupils of the grade school were enjoying an abbreviated holiday, the only thing to do was to take little "Bert" back home. Fine make-up "Bert", you take the prize!

While a friendly demonstration was being held before the high school, a delegation requested the Principal to dismiss classes for the day. The petition was granted, and only a split second was needed for the Rensselaerians to get outside and give a snappy cheer for St. Joe. A fire drill could not have been carried out more orderly or faster. Again the parade headed for the business section of the town. The high school students of Rensselaer joined ranks with the St. Joe boys, while the pupils from the grade schools ran along in front, behind and everywhere to help the parade in making a real showing. Singing, cheering, and laughing, balloons flying in all directions, the little red "Lizzy" just managing to keep ahead, one and all were things cheerful enough to make the most profound pessimist forget his troubles and feel good for a turn. At the Palace theatre the crowd dispersed, but only after Bela Szemetko made a terrible attempt at running-board oratory.

What do you say, Rensselaer, about getting together and having a real big parade next year on the seventeenth of March?

With apologies for oversight the Collegian wishes to record that among the names on the Honor Roll of the semi-annual examinations Warren Abrahamson should have appeared with an average of 93 3-4 per cent.

What a change about this place! The boxelders at the entrance of the old Indian School have been worked up for fire wood. Their place has been taken by a great number of beautiful American red pine trees.

Recently the Department of Forest Conservation, State of Indiana, has classified two more plots of woodland on the college farm as forest preserves. The one plot has 4.48 acres which is located on the River farm; the other plot has 6.40 acres located east of the Catholic Cemetery. The total acreage on the college farm now classified as forest preserve is 38.46 in all. Cattle will not be permitted to graze in these classified woods, and the open spaces will be planted with tulip-poplar, elm, hickory, walnut, ash, and other trees. This classification has for its purpose to encourage timber production, to protect water sheds, and to evaluate taxation.

Seven hundred and fifty tree seedlings have been procured from the state nursery by the college this spring. Among these seedlings are one hundred American red pine, one hundred Scottish pine, and five hundred and fifty tulip-poplar.

All the inmates of St. Joseph's extend sincerest sympathy to Michael Fromes, who very recently was saddened by the death of his beloved mother.

ATHLETICS

COLLEGEVILLE'S ALL-STAR TEAMS

SENIOR LEAGUE

FIRST TEAM	POSITION	SECOND TEAM
Gibson	Forward	B. Dreiling
Forsee	Forward	Koller
M. Dreiling	Center	Siebeneck
F. Moore	Guard	Bubala
Jim Maloney (Capt.)	Guard	Mayer (Capt.)

ACADEMIC LEAGUE

FIRST TEAM	POSITION	SECOND TEAM
Nardecchia	Forward	Vichuras, I.
Naughton	Forward	Wuest (Capt.)
Szemetko (Capt.)	Center	Mitchell
Olberding	Guard	Jasinski
DeMars, D.	Guard	Snyder

MIDGET LEAGUE

FIRST TEAM	POSITION	SECOND TEAM
McKune (Capt.)	Forward	Lange
Roth	Forward	Bresnan
Hession	Center	Peterworth
Barton	Guard	Owens (Capt.)
Bloemer	Guard	Rausch

JUNIOR LEAGUE

FIRST TEAM	POSITION	SECOND TEAM
Carrol (Capt.)	Forward	Langhals
Krapf	Forward	Schnurr
Gollner	Center	Clayton (Capt.)
Lammers	Guard	Bihn
Mossing	Guard	Krouse

For some reason or other all students seem to wait eagerly for the April issue of the Collegian. Well, boys, here it is and the All-Stars with it.

The players have been chosen not on the number of points which each scored, but almost entirely on their general playing throughout the entire season together with their good sportsmanship. Do not be disappointed if you or your friend's name is not in this list of picked players.

Tyre Forsee had no difficulty in acquiring forward position on the first team of the Senior League. Forsee was All-Star forward in the Midget League last season. By the way, Forsee is but a Second year

man and is one of the smallest players in the league. To fill the position as Forsee's running mate was no easy task. From the field of such stars as Gibson, Bonnie Dreiling, Koller, Cross, and Zahn, Gibson was chosen, by the judges, due to his brilliant playing ever since he took the reins at regular forward for the Fifths. Center position was awarded to Sal Dreiling with very little opposition. Sal held forward position on the All-Star Senior team in 1927 and 1928 but did not play in 1929. Sal is high point man also. Neither guard position was hard to fill. Fred Moore, Captain of the Sixths, although small, is very deserving of this position. Fred is a very good floor man. Without the least doubt, Jim Maloney, another Kentuckian (Forsee and Moore also, being from Kentucky) deserves the back guard position. Jim is very capable also of holding the captainship of the first All-Star team.

Due to the fact that Bonnie Dreiling and Koller were the close contestants to Gibson on the first team as forwards, Dreiling and Koller both will very capably fill forward positions on the second team. Between Tom Siebeneck and Joe Sheeran, the former was chosen to the pivot position on the second team due to the fact that Tom was better on the defence than was Sheeran. Tom had an edge on Sheeran on the offence also.

ST. JOE SWAMPS WHITING BLACKHAWKS

The students and faculty of St. Joe received a great surprise on March 16, when the local boys came out on the long end of a 62 to 25 score to defeat the Whiting Blackhawks. This game was the first basketball game that St. Joe has played with a visiting team for five years. The Collegeville lads made use

of this opportunity to show the fans some real basketball.

The first quarter of the game opened with a bang. St. Joe took the lead and held it throughout the entire game. A few times in the first half the Blackhawks threatened a comeback, but this threat did not amount to much. The first quarter of the game was played on a somewhat even basis. The Saint's quintet, however, being better acquainted with the floor, scored more points. The second quarter was more one-sided in favor of St. Joe, due to the fact that a fresh five replaced the five who struggled through the first quarter for Collegeville. Being handicapped by the loss of their two best players, the Blackhawks were unable to substitute. When the horn sounded to end the second twelve minute quarter, referee Mooney announced the score 29 to 11 in favor of the local varsity.

The Blackhawks, after the rest period, came back into the game apparently with the idea of a comeback. Although no serious comeback was staged, the Whiting five did play better during the second half of the game, probably due to being more acquainted with the local floor. This half was played about the same as the first half. Thus the game ended with the score 62 to 25 in favor of St. Joseph's College.

If any medals were to be given, the guard of Whiting, Keefe, would deserve it by far. It may be said that this was the best exhibition of dribbling and ball handling that has been seen on the local floor for years. This is Keefe's first basketball game since he finished his career as a high school player in the State Catholic Tournament on March 8, 1930.

For the home team all the players did scoring.

Gibson, Forsee and Sal Dreiling, however, made most of the points.

We are sure that the faculty and students would enjoy another game as this, if not in basketball, then in baseball.

Lineup:

WHITING	POSITION	ST. JOE
Knish (7)	Forward	Koller (8)
Bubala, S. (4)	Forward	Gibson (12)
Isham (6)	Center	M. Dreiling (10)
Keefe (8)	Guard	Mayer
Puplava	Guard	Jim Maloney (8)

Substitutions—Whiting: Stanley for Puplava. St. Joe: Bubala, B. (2), Dreiling, B. (2), Forsee, (10). Sheeran (2), Siebeneck (5).

Referee: W. Dreiling. Umpire: Mooney. Timer: Wirtz. Scorer: Nardecchia.

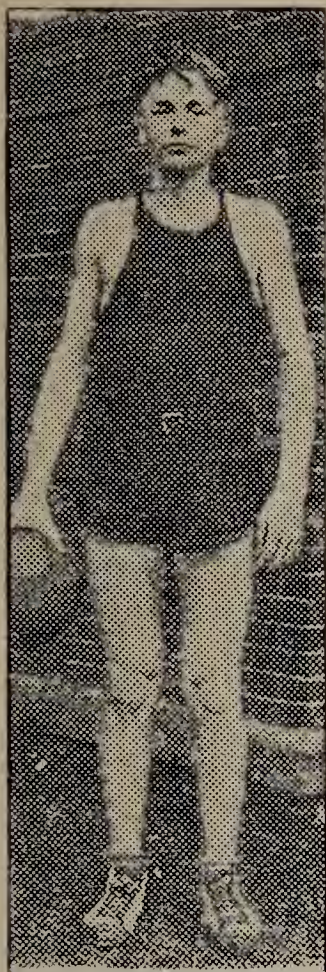
SENIOR LEAGUE FINAL STANDING

	W.	L.	Pct.	T. P.	O. P.
Fifths -----	8	9	1000	161	117
Sixths -----	5	3	625	173	135
Fourths -----	5	3	625	133	119
Thirds -----	2	6	250	119	148
Seconds -----	0	8	000	97	164

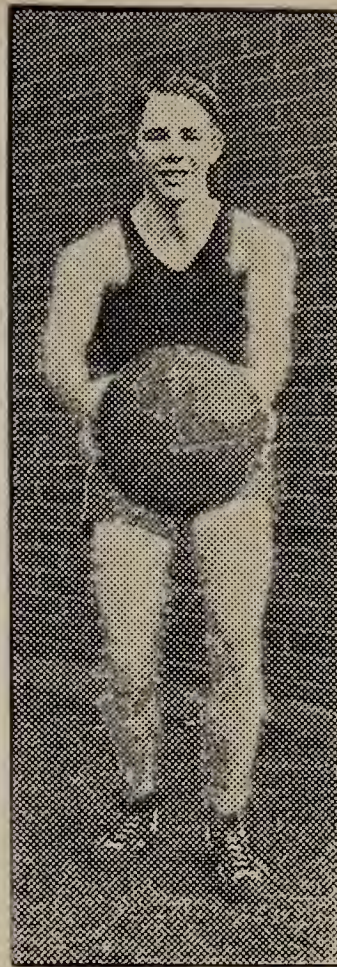
SIXTHS DEFEAT SECONDS 18-12

The Seconds showed a bit of basketball playing on March 2, when they were defeated by the Sixths by but six points. The first half ended with neither team in the lead, the score being 7-7, each team scoring three field goals and one foul. In the second half, the Sixths were wise to the fact that they would

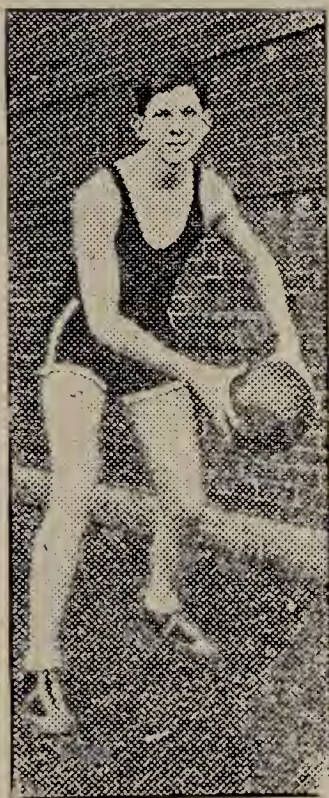
St. Joe's Pride



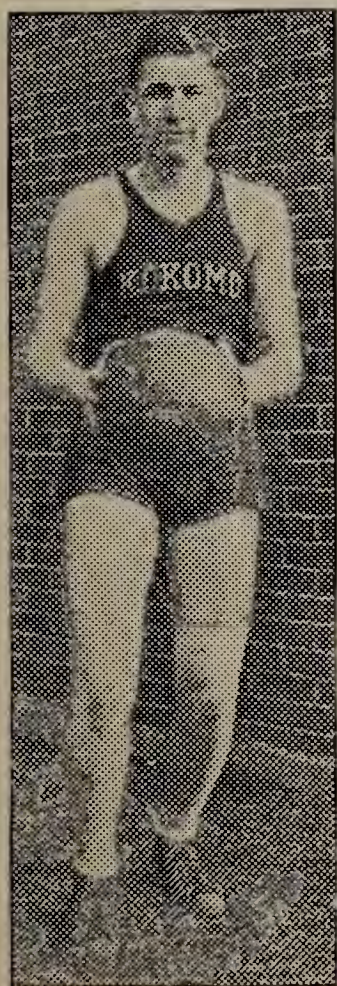
M. DREILING
CENTER



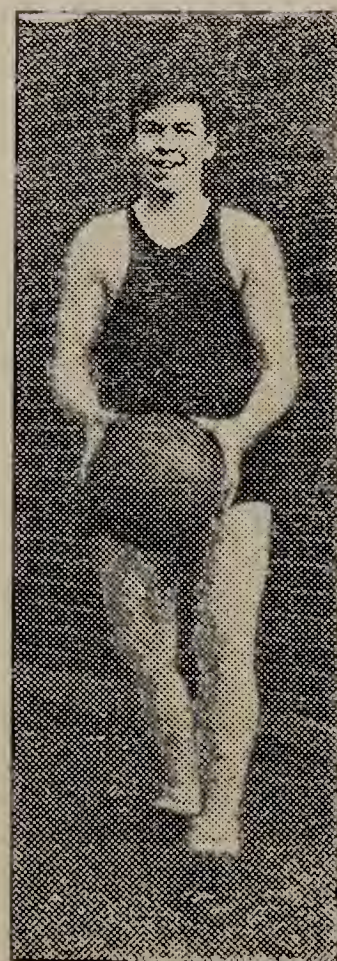
FRED MOORE
GUARD



JAMES MALONEY
GUARD AND CAPTAIN



JOSEPH GIBSON
FORWARD



TYRE FORSEE
FORWARD

'30

have to play better, and so they did, scoring eleven points to their opponent's five.

FIFTHS TRIM THIRDS TO COP PENNANT

The Fifths got complete hold of the Senior League pennant on March 6, by defeating the Thirds, 26 to 18. This was the Fifths' seventh straight victory of the season. The Thirds did not show as much fighting spirit as in the first game in which they played the Fifths. The score at the end of the first half showed that the Thirds still had a chance, for the score was 12 to 9 in favor of the Fifths. In the second half, however, the Fifths scored nineteen points against nine points of the Thirds. Bubala, Gibson, and Dreiling were the high scorers of the game while Mike Vichuras and Jim Maloney did well at guarding.

SIXTHS SHARE SECOND PLACE WITH FOURTHS

The local fans enjoyed a good but rather rough game on March 9, when the Fourths defeated the Sixths in order to share second place with the Sixths. This game, however, was marred by the large number of fouls, in fact this may be considered the roughest game of the season. Whenever the Sixths and Fourths get together, be it in football, basketball, or baseball, the fans can look for a good scrap.

The first half of the game was played on an even basis, ending with the score 13 to 12 in favor of the Sixths. The second half, opening with the game in anybody's hands, was much better than the first half. The Fourths used a little more push in this period and scored fourteen points while their opponents, the Sixths, scored but eleven points. The final score stood 26 to 22 in favor of the High-School boys.

This game was the last basketball game for the Sixths to be played as Sixths at St. Joe.

FIFTHS TRIM SECONDS TO HOLD

PERFECT RECORD

The last game of the Senior League was just as interesting as the first. In this game, however, the pennant had already been cinched by the Fifths. The Seconds, nevertheless, put up their good fight as usual, only to be beaten by the Fifths by a 21 to 16 score. In the first half of the fray, the Seconds ran up six points, four being foul shots. The Fifths scored twelve points of which but two were foul shots. In the second half the Fifths' subs scored eleven points while ten points were scored by the Seconds.

BIG SIX

	G.	F. G.	F.	T. P.
M. Dreiling -----	8	38	7	83
Joe Maloney -----	8	15	12	42
Forsee -----	8	15	11	41
B. Dreiling -----	8	17	6	40
Bubala -----	8	18	3	39
Moore -----	8	15	8	38

ACADEMIC LEAGUE FINAL STANDING

	W.	L.	Pct.	T. P.	O. P.
Fourths -----	8	0	1000	166	94
Fifths -----	5	3	625	154	93
Sixths -----	4	4	500	142	132
Seconds -----	2	6	250	93	156
Thirds -----	1	7	125	73	163

SIXTHS TRIM SECONDS

The Sixths defeated the Seconds for the second time this year, the first game 19 to 10, the second game 15 to 9. In the second game, however, the Sixths did most of their scoring in the first half. Thirteen points were scored by the Seniors in this period while five counters were scored by the Seconds. Coming back in the second half, the Seconds scored twice as many points as the Sixths, but that amounted to but four points. The Sixths scored two points. Lins starred for the Sixths and Naughton starred for the Seconds, making all nine points for the Seconds.

THIRDS TAKEN DOWN BY FOURTHS

The Thirds showed a great deal of improvement the second time they played the Fourths over the first time. The score of the first game was 24 to 7 while the score of the second battle was 15 to 10.

In the first half of the second battle, the Thirds outscored the Fourths by one point, but this was due to the fact that the Fourths' subs played this half. The Fourths, eager to win this game, sent the regulars in during the second half and as a result scored eleven points against five of their opponents. The victory of this game meant winning the pennant for the Fourths.

SIXTHS BOW TO FIFTHS

The Sixths tried to win their last basketball game at St. Joe, but failed in the attempt for the Fifths defeated the Sixths by a score of 19 to 11. The Fifths played the better game throughout. Seven points and four points were scored by the Sixths in the

first and second halves respectively. The Fifths scored nine counters in the first round and ten points in the second half. Szemetko, Wuest, and Rieman scored the Fifths' points while all the Sixths contributed at least one point.

SECONDS UPSET THIRDS

Another surprise of the season occurred when the Seconds defeated the Thirds by a score of 10 to 8 in an overtime period. Neither team had over a three-point lead throughout the entire game. The first half of the game was not featured by field goals, for each team made but one field goal during this half. The second half, moreover, was not enough to determine the winner of the game for the score stood 5 to 5 at the end of the regular playing time. The extra five minutes were the best of all. The Seconds scored a basket only to be followed by the Thirds doing the same thing. Another field goal and a foul, however, won over a foul of the Thirds. This game was one of the best Ac games of the season.

FOURTHS MANAGE TO WIN FROM FIFTHS

In the last basketball game of the season at St. Joe, the Fifths lost a hard fought game to the Fourth who had lost no game all season. The first game in which the Fourth defeated the Fifth was 13 to 12, but this game was 15 to 14. During the first half of the game, things seemed to look shiny for the College men, but soon after the third quarter had started, the 9 to 6 lead which the Fifth had at half dwindled down until the Fourth had the lead by one point when the timer's horn sounded to end the St. Joe's basketball season of 1929-30.

MIDGET LEAGUE FINAL STANDING

TEAM	W.	L.	Pct.	T. P.	O. P.
Basketeers -----	8	0	1000	176	85
Kittens -----	6	2	750	133	111
Boilermakers -----	3	5	375	103	111
Vikings -----	2	6	250	114	175
Aces -----	1	7	125	103	152

BOILERMAKERS NOSE OUT VIKINGS

In a fast and snappy battle, the Boilermakers defeated the Vikings by a score of 17 to 15. The 15 to 8 lead which the Boilermakers had at half soon was cut down in the second half. In the second half, Gannon scored the only two points for the Boilermakers in that half.

KITTENS DOWNED BY BASKETEERS

The Basketeers came a step nearer to a thousand per cent average, when on March 5, they defeated the Kittens by a score of 23 to 13. Hession scored most of the points for the victors while Zernheld scored six of the conquered team's points.

BOILERMAKERS AGAIN DEFEAT ACES

For the second time this season, the Boilermakers defeated the Aces. The second game, 12 to 7, was a good deal closer than the first game. While the Boilermakers scored seven points in the initial half, coach Moore's Aces scored but two points. The second half, moreover, was different. Each team scored five points, two each by Gannon and Brown, and one by Bock for the Boilermakers, and two each for Kelty and Thornbury, and one by Spalding for the Aces.

KITTENS WIN AGAIN

Luck again turned against the Vikings on March 12, when the Vikings with a 11 to 6 lead at half were defeated by the Kittens in the last part of the game by a score of 19 to 16.

BASKETEERS WIN OVER BOILERMAKERS

The Basketeers almost received their first defeat on March 12, when they were held to 15 points by the Boilermakers who made 13 points.

JUNIOR LEAGUE FINAL STANDING

TEAM	W.	L.	Pct.	T. P.	O. P.
Nordics -----	4	1	800	113	65
J Eliminators ---	4	2	667	86	95
X'S -----	3	2	600	71	54
Texans -----	1	3	250	60	75
Toreadors -----	0	4	000	35	69

J ELIMINATORS ELIMINATE X'S

In the first post-season game of the season, the J Eliminators defeated the X'S in a wild shooting match. Mgr. Gollner's Eliminators scored two field goals in the second half of the game to defeat the X'S who scored two foul shots in the first half of the game. The score at half was 2 to 0 with the X'S on the long end which was rather short. The grand array of shooting was due to the free day, the day previous, so the players claim. It may be, however, that a bit of credit can be given to the teams for close guarding in this game, which partly accounts for the low score.

NORDICS TAKE JUNIOR PENNANT

The second post-season was considerably different

from the first game for the score was 24 to 17 with the J Eliminators on the short end. The J Eliminators, moreover, can account for seven of their seventeen points as free shots, whereas all the Nordics' points were scored by field goals. The first half of the game ended with the score 8 to 6 in favor of the Nordics. The J Eliminators seemed to lose a bit of hope in the second half but scored eleven points in spite of this condition. The Nordics, not to be out-done, rang up sixteen points in order to make the final count 17 to 24 in favor of Manager Lefko's Nordics.

All in all, this season of basketball may be considered as one of the best in St. Joe's history. Although three pennants were won by teams with a thousand per cent averages, the games had all their interest. Every team that won a pennant won the greater part of its games by close scores, especially the Fifth year in the Senior League which won two games by one point each and one game by three points and no game by more than twelve points.

St. Joe can be proud of putting out several good basketball players this season, such as those who are on the All-Star teams. From all indications, the basketball season of 1929-30 was a bumper season for St. Joe. The present Seniors, however, will probably miss the league next year. Thus, with flying colors, Collegeville's basketball season of 1929-30 has reached its goal victoriously.

AROUND THE DIAMOND

The sport fans, having focused their eyes on the basketball court for the past three months or more, are now turning their eyes towards the out doors.

From the number of balls that have been flying about for the last month or more, St. Joe will have a baseball season no less successful than the past basketball season. The class managers for the 1930 season are the following: Sixths, Uhrich; Fifths, Duray; Fourths, Siebeneck; Thirds, Robbins; Seconds, Kirchner.

Beware, Alumni!

FREE AIR---HOT AND OTHERWISE

Abie: Papa I saved ten cents today. I ran all the way to school behind a street car.

Father: Why didn't you run behind a taxicab and save a dollar?

Flip: John's a nice chap, but he's too terrible tight.

Sincere Friend: He's not tight. He's simply saving for a rainy day.

Flip: Rainy day, me eye. He's saving for a flood.

She: Where is your chivalry.

He: I turned it in for a Buick.

Book Agent (to farmer): You ought to buy an encyclopedia now that your son has gone to school.

Same Farmer: Not on your wagon tongue! Let him walk—same as I did.

Sambo: Was you sick with the flu, Rastus?

Rastus: Man I was so sick that most ever night I looked in the casualty list for my name.

"I'm a very busy man sir, what is your proposition?"

"I want to show you how you can make a barrel of money."

"Well, leave your recipe with me and I'll look it over later. Just now I'm engaged in closing a deal by which I expect to make seven dollars in real money."

In the picture at the movie, a cook was using a gas stove. Two housemaids in the audience were watching the scene with great interest.

"Shure, Mary," said one, "do you know a gas range is a foin stove? We have one where I work. I lit it two weeks ago and it tain't out yit."

Enoch: But, father, poets are born not made.

Father: Now look here, write all the nonsense you like, but don't blame mother and me for it.

Elsie: Shall I put on my slicker and mail these letters, mother?

Mother: No, dear, it's not fit for a dog to be out on a night like this. Let your father post them.

Boss: Is that all the work you can do in an hour?

Reineck: I could do more, but I'm no fellow to show off.

Gus Bishop: I wish every year had three hundred and sixty-five days of rest.

Spike Elliott: Are you crazy Gus? Then we would have to work a day every fourth year.

He: What would I have to give you to get one kiss?

She: Chloroform.

Young Lady: Pardon me, but will you help the Working Girls' Home.

Zookie: Sure, where are they?

"I tell you I won't have this room," protested the old lady to the bell boy. "I ain't going to pay my good money for a pigsty with a measly little foldin' bed in it. You think just because I'm from the country—"

Disgusted, the boy cut her short.

"Get in mum. Get in. This isn't your room. This is the elevator."

A Scot named MacIntash had an argument over his taxi fare. The driver talked harshly and insulted the Scot.

"Do you know who I am," he said proudly, "I'm a MacIntash."

"I don't care if you're a brand new umbrella, I'll have my fare," said the driver.

Vacuum cleaners and carpet sweepers are all right but the average woman picks up more dirt over the telephone.

Judge: Did you or did you not strike this woman?

Landlord: Your Honor, I only remarked that the wallpaper in her apartment bore finger prints.

Judge: Two years for knocking her flat. Next case.

Pop: (as the train was nearing the depot) At which end of the car shall I get off?

Conductor: Either end, both ends stop.

Tatar: That new club member struck me as having some tobacco.

Tubby: That must have been after he struck me.

"When I was a little boy your age I didn't tell lies," said dad reprovingly to his little son.

"How old were you when you started, pop?" inquired the boy.

Alice: I adore Keats!

Ikey: Oy, it's a relief to meet a woman vot likes children.

Boy: Do you know, dad, that in some parts of Africa a man doesn't know his wife until he marries her?

Dad: Why single out Africa?

Rastus (drunk): Ah's goin' to buy all de railroad companies in de world, Ah is.

Rachel (drunker): You shuah can't do dat.

Rastus: How come?

Rachel: Why, Ah refuses to sell.

Englishman: I was mistaken for Lloyd George the other day.

American: That's nothing, I was mistaken for President Hoover.

Paddy: I got you all beat. A fellow came up to me the other day and said, "Great God, is that you?"

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